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BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

I conſtantly read and always admire your numbers. They contain a kind of moral inſtruction, which will, if duly attended to, afford us direction in every walk of life. This deference to the uſefulneſs of your hints, and the ſoundneſs of your judgment, has led me to aſk your advice reſpecting a matter, that occaſions me much uneaſineſs. I am one of thoſe, who, whatever I may affect to do, cannot help ſincerely reſpecting and revering the female character, as embracing all that is ſoft, delicate, and engaging. Indeed familiarity and friendly intercourſe with the fair ſex, is a ſource of at leaſt one half our felicity. But while every young beau and coxcomb is an idol of the female world, I, who have given them no occaſion of offence, by the ſin either of omiſſion or commiſſion, am treated with a degree of coldneſs and neglect.

You are now to be brought, in ſome meaſure, acquainted with my hiſtory. In a few words, I am a ſecluded being, who am continually fretting over my books and torturing my brains with the ſciences and arts. My father took me from driving his cows to paſture and feeding his ſheep, and ſent me to College, where I became, though I ſay it myſelf, an adept in almoſt all the learning of the age. I could handle a ſyllogiſm with the utmoſt facility, went no mean depths in metaphyſics, and had perfectly at my command a long ſtring of hard words and florulent phraſes.—You muſt know that, as it reſpects my perſon and character, I have many things to recommend me. I am famed for being uncommonly ſteady—I never go abroad but when urgent occaſion calls me, and ſpeak but twice or three times a day. I have a long and ſanctimonious viſage, and am generally diſpoſed to be civil. Though I am four, ill natured and deſtitute of patrimony, I have two virtues of no ſmall value, thoſe of always ſpeaking the truth, and minding my own buſineſs.

Notwithſtanding all theſe rare qualifications, and many others, which I might mention were it not for boaſting, the ladies are ſo nice and whimſical as to like me beſt at a diſtance, and admire me moſt when I ſay leaſt. I can attribute this to no cauſe but the want of an indeſcribable ſomething called ſprightlineſs or gaiety, which tickles the fancies of the fair, and which is abſolutely neceſſary to make what they call a *ſmart fellow*. Our gay lads, ſet off with this accompliſhment, draw their whole attention and command their eſteem, by their little civilities and engaging officiouſneſs, and ſerve them as monkies to divert and procure them ſport at their merry meetings.

A late incident gave riſe to this paper. I not long ſince accidently blundered into a circle of young gentlemen and ladies, who were participating all the comforts of ſocial glee. Though I was politely treated enough, I felt myſelf in a comical ſituation, I can aſſure you, for I was every moment in fear of breaking over ſome little ceremony, of ſitting awkwardly, or of making an uncouth expreſſion. If I attempted to ſay any thing, while I was bringing every word to the plumb-line of criticiſm, ſome one elſe would ſpeak. When I wiſhed to ſay a "ſmart thing," I ſtammered, trembled, and bluſhed, and thus brought on me the compaſſion or ridicule of the whole company. Diſſatisfied with my ſituation, I caught my hat, bade them good night, and in my confuſion, opening the door which led down cellar, ſhould have fallen the whole length of the ſtairs, at the expenſe of bruiſing the bottom againſt my head, had I not caught by the ſide of the door. But recovering myſelf, I hung down my head, ſculked out and left the company ſhouting upon my coſt.

You are now to be let into the arcana of this little ſociety. They carry on their intercourſe by a kind of technical language, peculiar to themſelves. It is a medley of phraſes prodigiouſly witty; ſuch as, "I have ſomething to tell you; Hold here your head; Let me whiſper to you; Don't tell of it for the world; That's right down funny"; and the like.—Upon each of theſe ſucceeded a peal of laughter.

Now I leave it to the deciſion of your opinion, whether it would not be beſt for me to learn by heart a whole freight of theſe by-phraſes, ſo as to be able to uſe them as occaſion may offer. And in order to appear graceful and eaſy, to act out, when I am alone, ſome of their manœuvres, twiſts, and quirks; but to learn, above all, to laugh heartily when there is nothing to laugh at. At any rate, I wiſh for your advice; for I am in conſtant fear of a certain thing which I hate and deſpiſe; I mean that of becoming an old bachelor: or of a certain worſe thing, if ſuch an odd notion as marrying ſhould come into my head; that of being wedded to an old maid!

With great reſpect, I am, &c.

CHRISTOPHER BOOKISH.

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For the LITERARY TABLET.

The exiſtence of GOD, *proved from divine revelation.*

(CONCLUDED.)

2. THE *plan of redemption*, contained in the bible, juſtly claims a divine agent for its author. This wonderful plan has for its object, the *equitable* ſalvation of *ſinners*. Previous to the revelation of this ſyſtem of grace, mankind are to be viewed in a ſtate of ſin, and deſtitute of hope. We muſt contemplate the authority of God as inſulted, his law violated, and his juſtice incenſed, ready to operate in vindictive retribution. We muſt ſuppoſe the ſword to be drawn, the criminal righteouſly ſentenced and waiting the tremendous ſtroke. We muſt view the juſtice of God, as incapable of either relenting or being tarniſhed. Where, then, could we find a door by which to eſcape? Who among the higheſt orders of created beings could have preſcribed a *juſt* method of ſalvation? What council of angels could have deviſed a mediation, that would have united, without a jar or a violation, the mild and the rigid attributes of the Deity? Alas! in ſuch a caſe, they might *poſſibly* have exerted their invention, but moſt *probably* they would have remained in total ſilence and deſpair. But the fooliſhneſs of God is *wiſer* than the *wiſdom* of man. In this moment of fearful apprehenſion, a voice from the throne of heaven proclaimed, *Deliver from going down to the grave, for I have found a ranſom.*—The Divine WORD, the ſecond Perſon in the triune Godhead, was announced SAVIOUR; was appointed to *mediate*, to SUFFER, to DIE! That the *Creator* ſhould be the Redeemer of *creatures* was an idea too deep and wonderful to enter the minds of angels or men. That the price of ſinners' redemption ſhould be the *ſuffering* and *death* of the eternal God, was a ſentiment which could not have originated in finite intelligences. It is ſo *diſtant* from all human notions and conceptions of things, as to prove its author *Divine*; of conſequence there *is* a *God*.

3. The *ſentiments* of the bible are poſſeſſed of ſuch ſuperlative merit, and are efficacious of ſuch eminent wiſdom, as to ſurpaſs all human penetration and excellence. "Never man ſpake like this man," was the ſincere atteſtation of thoſe who had liſtened to the inſtructions of the Saviour. This remark is characteriſtic of all the inſpired writers; for no heathen ſage or philoſopher ever wrote or ſpake with ſuch pungency and truth, as the Apoſtles and Prophets of God. They delineate the character of the Supreme Being as conſiſting of all attributes, moſt admirably ſublime, perfect and glorious. Nothing trivial, nothing mean, nothing imperfect, nothing unjuſt is attributed to the God of the bible. His abſolute ſovereignty, his univerſal agency and government, his omnipotency, his ſupreme wiſdom, his inviolate juſtice, and his moſt perfect goodneſs have, in the bible, ſuch deſcriptions, and ſuch illuſtrations from facts, as never could have been conceived by the mind of man.

Human nature is moſt accurately marked and exhibited. The propenſities of mankind to evil, their careleſſneſs about their eternal welfare, and religious duties, their malignant feelings toward rivals and enemies, their want of love to divine truths, their diſpoſition to oppoſe convictions, ſhun the light and counteract conſcience, are no where painted with ſuch exactneſs and expreſſion as in the bible.

The duties required in the bible are ſuch as correſpond to our relations, are ſuited to our natures and are the *neceſſary* mediums of our happineſs. It inculcates thoſe mental graces,

that are the higheſt ornaments of the human character. In compariſon with theſe, the remarks of Socrates and Seneca appear pitiful and wanting. Theſe duties and graces are urged with the moſt impreſſive conſiderations; the moſt animating promiſes and glorious rewards, the moſt terrifying threatenings and judgments ſanction the precepts of the bible.

That immortality which is brought to light in the holy ſcriptures, is another inſtance of their incomparable excellence. Many wiſe men of the pagan world *hoped*, and ſome of them *believed*, that their mental parts were immortal, but poſitive aſſurance of a future life and a knowledge of that world which lies beyond the curtain of time, was ſomething that none but a God could reveal. This immortality is not a bare *exiſtence*, but an endleſs ſtate of conſummate fruition for all the truly virtuous.

4th. The bible relates ſupernatural events, that prove the ——

Stran. Enough, enough; don't bring any more proofs, till I've digeſted what you've brought already. You've given me more than a load to carry away this time. Perhaps I may come to hear you again. I will put your *proofs* in the ſcale againſt my objections and try their different weights; and ſo, good night.

S. F.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

From the European Magazine, for Jan. 1804.

ON SENSIBILITY.

IS ſenſibility a bleſſing or a curſe? Does it heighten the enjoyments in proportion as its keen feelings make heavier the afflictions of life?—When we obſerve how lightly misfortunes are felt by thoſe who poſſeſs not this paſſion, we are almoſt tempted to pronounce it a curſe; but when we conſider the feelings which it gives riſe to in the human breaſt, feelings which are both exquiſite and inexhauſtible, we pronounce it, with fervour, a bleſſing. Yet, like all other bleſſings, when carried to exceſs, it becomes hurtful; ridiculous and diſguſtful to others, and to ourſelves an exhauſtleſs fund of miſery. When carried beyond certain bounds it ceaſes to be ſenſibility, it may then be more properly termed fretfulneſs and diſcontent.——Arpaſia is rich, lovely, and once was gay; but taking it into her head that an affectation of exceſſive ſenſibility would make her irreſiſtibly charming, ſhe determined to adopt it; but miſtaking its nature, is become ridiculous and unhappy. She throws herſelf into a paroxyſm of grief at the ſight of a fly drowned in her tea, and has more than once gone into fits at ſeeing a moth burn its wings in a candle. I do not pretend to ſay that circumſtances like theſe, trifling as they are, ought not to effect a feeling mind; but every one ought carefully to avoid making a diſplay of feelings which, however amiable they may be in themſelves, are, even when real, often cenſured as affectation.

When carried to this exceſs, it alſo gives riſe to a weak and unmanly dread of evils which may never come to paſs; which, of all the various paſſions that inhabit the breaſt of man and corrode his happineſs, is, perhaps, the moſt conducive to miſery. The man who gives way to this unhappy diſpoſition muſt be conſtantly miſerable; he muſt alſo be ungrateful; for he not only looks forward to the future with apprehenſion, but is rendered incapable of enjoying the preſent, and the bleſſings that are placed within his reach are neglected altogther, or received with coolneſs and diſcontent. He ſees every object through a darkened glaſs; he can undertake nothing with ſpirit, becauſe his gloomy imagination, ever induſtrious in tormenting itſelf, conjures up a thouſand vexations and croſſes that may attend his enterprize: conſequently he becomes weak-minded and cowardly.—And of what avail is all this anxiety? If indeed misfortunes could be prevented, or even leſſened, by anticipation, there would be ſome colour of reaſon for indulging this gloomy temper; but as our fears will neither prevent nor diminiſh them, as torturing our imaginations now will not prevent our feeling the evil that we dread when it really arrives, why make the whole of our life miſerable, through fear that at ſome part of it we may meet with misfortunes? How different is the character of him who really poſſeſſes ſenſibility? Hope is the conſtant inmate of his boſom: his preſent misfortunes are reduced, nay almoſt annihilated, by his hopes of the future; he receives the gifts of Heaven with thankful cheerfulneſs; all men are his brothers; and he evinces his ſenſibility, not by brooding over his own misfortunes, but by uſing his utmoſt endeavours to alleviate the misfortunes of thoſe around him.

JUNIUS.

THE impenetrable myſtery that hangs over the Author of the celebrated Letters of JUNIUS is ſo favorable to the propagation of reports, that we may expect to hear that they have been aſcribed, in ſucceſſion, to every diſtinguiſhed character who flouriſhed during the period of their publication. The following article, however, which appeared in a late number of *The Wilmington* (Delaware) *Mirror*, is founded upon a ſtronger aſſertion than has ever before been made upon the ſubject, for it proceeds upon a ſuppoſed acknowledgment of Junius himſelf! Of Mr. Rodney, or of the degree of credit that may reaſonably be attached to his declaration, we know nothing; but the ſubject is ſo curious, that we think our readers will not be averſe from having their attention once more drawn to it.

"No political writings ever made more noiſe in the world, or were more celebrated, than the Letters of JUNIUS, and publiſhed in London now more than thirty years ago. And as the Author conveyed thoſe letters to the preſs in ſuch a ſecret manner as to conceal himſelf entirely from the knowledge of the public, and every other perſon, the public curioſity has been excited, from time to time, to this—to know who he was. Frequent and various have been the conjectures reſpecting him; but all have accorded in attributing thoſe letters to one perſon or another of the moſt eminent abilities. This, without doubt, does the Author great honor. I have obſerved in ſome of your late papers, that they were attributed to the celebrated Mr. Dunning by one writer, and to the late Earl of Chatham by another. But, to ſatisfy the curioſity of the world, and to preclude all future and uncertain conjectures, I can aſſure the public that our celebrated Major-General CHARLES LEE, of the American Army, *was the real Author of theſe Letters.* And although he had declared that the ſecret reſted ſolely with himſelf, and that he meant to carry it to the grave with him; yet I affirm, and anſwer to the public, that he revealed it to me, and, perhaps, to no other perſon in the world.

"In the fall of 1773, not long after Gen. Lee had arrived in America, I had the pleaſure of ſpending an afternoon in his company, when there was no other perſon preſent. Our converſation chiefly turned on politics, and was naturely free and open. Among other things, the Letters of JUNIUS were mentioned, and Gen. Lee aſked me, who was conjectured to be the Author of thoſe Letters?—I replied, our conjectures here generally followed thoſe ſtarted in England; but, for myſelf, I concluded, from the ſpirit, ſtyle, patriotiſm, and political information which they diſplayed, that Lord Chatham was the Author; and yet there were ſome ſentiments in them that indicated his not being the Author.—Gen. Lee immediately replied with conſiderable animation, affirming, that, to his certain knowledge, Lord Chatham was not the Author; neither did he know who the Author was, any more than I did; that there was not a man in the world, no not even Woodfall, the publiſher, that knew who the Author was; that the ſecret reſted ſolely with himſelf, and forever would remain with him.

"Feeling in ſome degree ſurpriſed at this unexpected declaration, after pauſing a little, I replied, "No, Gen. Lee, if you certainly know what you have affirmed, it can no longer remain ſolely with him; for certainly no one could know what you have affirmed but the Author himſelf!" Recollecting himſelf, he replied, "I have unregardedly committed myſelf, *and it would be but folly to deny to you that I am the Author;* but I muſt requeſt that you will not reveal it during my life; for it never was, nor never will be, revealed by me to any other." He then proceeded to mention ſeveral circumſtances to verify his being the Author, and, among them, his going over to the Continent, and abſenting himſelf from England, moſt of the time in which thoſe Letters were firſt publiſhed in London, &c. &c. This he thought neceſſary, leſt, by ſome accident, the Author ſhould become known, or at leaſt ſuſpected, which might have cauſed his ruin, had he been in the power of the Court of London, &c.

"Whoever will compare the Letters of Gen. Lee, written to ſeveral of the Britiſh Officers at the commencement of our Revolutionary War, with thoſe of Junius, will probably be convinced that they were dictated by the ſame

mind, and written by the fame hand ; but however that may be, I affirm, that what I have herein communicated to the public relative to Gen. Lee's communication to me, reſpecting the Author of JUNIUS's Letters, is, in ſubſtance, ſtrictly true ; and no doubt remains with me but that he was the real Author.

" T. RODNEY."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

WAS deſcended of an ancient family in Ireland, and was ſon of James Dillon, Earl of Roſcommon, in that kingdom, where his ſon Wentworth, who is the ſubject of this article, was born, when that kingdom was under the adminiſtration of the Earl of Strafford, to whom his lordſhip's mother, deſcended from the Boyntons of Bramſton, in Yorkſhire, was nearly related ; and when he was baptized, the lord lieutenant gave him the ſurname of his own family, Wentworth. He paſſed the firſt years of his infancy in Ireland, and was educated in the proteſtant religion. The Earl of Strafford afterwards ſent for him over into England, and placed him at his own ſeat in Yorkſhire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterwards Biſhop of Norwich, a perſon of eminent learning and piety. By him he was inſtructed in Latin, and without learning the common rules of grammar, which he could never retain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with claſſical elegance and propriety, and with ſo much eaſe, that he choſe to correſpond with thoſe friends who had learning ſufficient to ſupport the commerce. When the cloud began to gather over England, and the Earl of Strafford was impeached, by the advice of lord primate Uſher, he was ſent to complete his education at Caen, in Normandy, under the famous montier Bochart. After ſome years he travelled to Rome, where he grew familiar with the moſt valuable remains of antiquity, applying himſelf particularly to the knowledge of medals, which he gained to perfection, and ſpoke Italian with ſo much grace and fluency, that he was frequently miſtaken for a native. Soon after the reſtoration he returned to England, where he was graciouſly received by king Charles the II. and made Captain of the band of penſioners. In the gaieties of that age he was tempted to indulge a violent paſſion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune. A diſpute with the lord privy ſeal, about part of his eſtate, obliging him to reviſit his native country, he reſigned his poſt in the Engliſh court ; and ſoon after his arrival at Dublin, the Duke of Ormond appointed him Captain of the guards. However, he ſtill retained his exceſſive paſſion for gaming, which engaged him in the following adventure. As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming table, he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to aſſaſſinate him.—The Earl defended himſelf with ſo much reſolution, that he diſpatched one of the aggreſſors, whilſt a gentleman, accidentally paſſing that way, interpoſed, and diſarmed another ; the third ſecured himſelf by flight. This generous aſſiſtant was a diſbanded officer of a good family, and fair reputation, but whoſe circumſtances were ſuch, that he wanted even a plain ſuit of clothes to make a decent appearance at the caſtle. But his lordſhip on this occaſion preſenting him to the Duke of Ormond, prevailed with his grace that he might reſign his poſt of captain of the guards to his friends ; which, for about three years the gentleman enjoyed, and upon his death the Duke returned the commiſſion to his generous benefactor. The pleaſure of the Engliſh court, and the friendſhips he had there contracted, were powerful motives for him to return to London. Soon after he came, he was made maſter of the horſe to the Dutcheſs of York, and married the lady Frances, eldeſt daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington, who before had been the wife of Col. Courtney. Here he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his writings ; and about this time, in imitation of thoſe learned and polite aſſemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, he began to form a ſociety for the refining and fixing the ſtandard of our language, in which his great friend, Mr. Dryden, was a principal aſſiſtant. The Earl had formed a reſolution to paſs the remainder of his life at Rome, telling his friends, that it would be beſt to ſit next the chimney when the chamber ſmoaked. Amidſt theſe reflections, he was ſeized by the gout ; and being too impatient of pain, he permitted a bold French pretender to phyſic, to apply a repelling medicine, in order to give him preſent relief, which drove the diſtemper from his bowels, and in a ſhort time put a period to his life, about Jan. 17th, 1684, at his houſe near St. James's, Weſtminſter. The moment in which he expired, he cried out with a voice, that expreſſed the moſt intenſe fervour of devotion,

" *My God, my father and my friend,*
Do not forſake me at my end."

He was interred in Weſtminſter Abbey. His lordſhip wrote an eſſay on tranſlated verſe, and tranſlated Horace's art of poetry into blank verſe, and wrote ſeveral other poems.

ANECDOTE OF DR. RADCLIFF.

THE Doctor attending one of his intimates in a dangerous ſickneſs, with an unuſual ſtrain of generoſity for him, declared he would not touch a fee. One inſiſted ; the other was poſitive. But when the cure was performed, and the Doctor taking his leave, quoth the patient, " Sir, in this purſe I have put every day's fee ; nor muſt your goodneſs get the better of my gratitude." The Doctor eyed the purſe, counted the number of days in a minute, then holding out his hand replied—" *Well, I can hold out no longer—Single I could have refuſed them for a twelvemonth—but all together they are irreſiſtible.*"

The following is taken from "The (London) Critical Review," of Two Letters from Satan to Bonaparte ; edited by Henry Whitfield.

IF theſe letters be not good, the D—l's in them. They will afford *warm* conſolation to the Conſul, and a tolerable three-penny worth of amuſement to every other reader.

FARRAGO.

☞ *At* LAURINDA's *request, her paper is omitted for the present.*

MARRIED,

In Cambridge, (Eng.) James Gordon, a ſerjeant in his Majeſty's ſervice, to Miſs Nancy Pitcher ; the young lady had conſtantly viſited the parade, and ſmitten with his adoitneſs and manly appearance, made him an offer of her perſon and a fortune of 5000l. which the young ſon of Mars gallantly accepted.

At Weſt-Hartford, Major Seth Pomroy, *of Northampton, to Miſs* Hannah Wells.

DIED,

At Southington, very ſuddenly, Mr. *Joſeph Gridley*, aged 88, and *Sarah* his wife, in the 75th year of her age ; they expired within 18 hours of each other, and were interred in one grave.

At Shirley, Mrs. *Sophia Parker*, wife of Mr. Luther P. on entering the room at the celebration of her marriage, ſhe fainted & never revived.

In this place, on Sunday evening, 13th inſt. Mrs. HANNAH FULLER, conſort of Deacon Caleb Fuller, and daughter of the Rev. Habijah Weld, late of Attleborough, in the 64th year of her age.

If, to drop the tear of ſorrow on the tomb of departed worth, be equally the dictate of duty as of friendſhip, no one of her numerous and reſpectable acquaintance can refuſe this tribute of reſpect to the memory of the deceaſed.—Poſſeſſing in an eminent degree the amiable and endearing accompliſhments of the woman; ſhe was no leſs diſtinguiſhed for the more ſublime and exalted virtues of the Chriſtian. In every relation of life, ſhe diſplayed a character, that, while it commanded eſteem and reſpect, could not but be viewed as a pattern, worthy of univerſal imitation. As a neighbor, ſhe was kind, charitable and benevolent—her hand was ever ready to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed, and to wipe the tear of ſorrow from the eye of the afflicted—as a conſort and parent, ſhe was affectionate, vigilant and exemplary—as a Chriſtian, meek, reſigned and pious. Having a well grounded hope in the merits of her Redeemer, which had been her conſolation in life, it did not fail her in the hour of death.—This, though ſudden, found her not unprepared. " Looking forward to the hope ſet before her," ſhe died, as ſhe had lived, with a calm reſignation to her Maker's will. The only conſolation, is, that her example ſurvives ; while ſhe, we truſt, is beyond the reach of ſorrow, in the fruition of her GOD.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.—*By Dr.* BROWN.

" VENGEANCE, ariſe from thy infernal bed ;
" And pour thy tempeſt on his guilty head !"
Thus heav'n's decree, in thunder's ſound,
Shook the dark abyſs profound.—
The unchain'd Furies come !
Pale *melancholy* ſtalks from hell :
Th' abortive offſpring of her womb,
Deſpair and *anguiſh* round her yell.
By ſleepleſs terror SAUL poſſeſs'd,
Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breaſt.
Midnight ſpectres round him howl :
Before his eyes
In troops they riſe ;
And ſeas of horror overwhelm his ſoul.

Haſte ; to JESSE'S *Son* repair :
He beſt can ſweep the lyre,
Wake the ſolemn ſounding air,
And lead the vocal choir :
On ev'ry ſtring ſoft-breathing raptures dwell,
To ſooth the throbbings of the troubled breaſt ;
Whoſe magic voice can bid the tides of paſſion
ſwell,
Or lull the raging ſtorm to reſt.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heav'n-forſaken *monarch* lay :
To the ſad couch the *ſhepherd* now drew near ;
And, while th' obedient choir ſtood round,
Prepar'd to catch th' ſoul-commanding ſound,
He drop'd a gen'rous tear.—
Thy pitying aid, O GOD impart !
For lo, thy poiſon'd arrows drink his heart !
The mighty ſong from *Chaos* roſe.—
Around his throne the formleſs atoms ſleep,
And drowſy darkneſs broods upon the deep :—
Confuſion, wake !
Bid the realms of *Chaos* ſhake !
Rouſe him from his dread repoſe !—
Hark ! loud *diſcord* breaks her chain :
The hoſtile atoms claſh with deafning roar :
Her hoarſe voice thunders through the drear
domain ;
And kindles ev'ry element to war. —
" Tumult ceaſe !
" Sink to peace !
" Let there be light !"—Th' Almighty ſaid :
And lo, the radiant ſun,
Flaming from his orient bed,
His endleſs courſe begun.
See, the twinkling Pleiads riſe :
Thy ſtar, Orion, reddens in the ſkies :
While ſlow around the northern plain,
Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.
Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he ſung ;
Thy myſtic mazes, and thy changeful ray :
O faireſt of the ſtarry throng !
Thy ſolemn orb of light
Guides the triumphant carr of night
O'er ſilver clouds, and ſheds a ſofter day !

Ye planets, and each circling conſtellation,
In ſongs harmonious tell your generation !
Oh, while yon radiant ſeraph turns the ſpheres,
And on the ſtedfaſt pole-ſtar ſtands ſublime ;
Wheel your rounds
To heav'nly ſounds ;
And ſooth his ſong-inchanted ears,
With your celeſtial chime.

In dumb ſurprize the liſt'ning monarch lay ;
(His woe ſuſpended by ſweet muſic's ſway)
And awe-ſtruck, with uplifted eye
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the ſky.

Lead the ſoothing verſe along :
He feels, he feels the pow'r of ſong.—
Ocean haſtens to his bed :
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encum-
ber'd head :
Down his ſteep and ſhaggy ſide
The torrent rolls his thund'ring tide ;
Then ſmooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majeſtic waters to the diſtant main.
Flocks and herds the hills adorn :
The lark, high-ſoaring, hails the morn.
And while along yon crimſon-clouded ſteep
The ſlow ſun ſteals into the golden deep,
Hark ! the ſolemn nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale.
See, deſcending angels ſhow'r
Heav'n's own bliſs on Eden's bow'r :
Peace on nature's lap repoſes ;
Pleaſure ſtrews her guiltleſs roſes :
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with innocence and love.
Hail, happy love, with innocence combin'd !
All hail, ye ſinleſs parents of mankind !

They paus'd :—the monarch, proſtrate on his
bed,
Submiſſive bow'd his head ;
Ador'd the works of boundleſs pow'r divine :
Then, anguiſh-ſtruck, he cry'd (and ſmote his
breaſt)
Why, why is peace the welcome gueſt
Of ev'ry heart but mine !

(To be continued.)

Written by WM. GIFFORD, *Eſq.*

(Two years after the verſes, by the ſame author, inſerted in the laſt Tablet.)

I WISH I was where ANNA lies ;
For I am ſick of lingering here
And every hour Affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wiſh I could ! For when ſhe died
I loſt my all ; and life has prov'd
Since that ſad hour a dreary void,
A waſte unlovely, and unlov'd. —

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moſs away,
And weeds that have " no buſineſs there ?"

And who with pious hand ſhall bring
The flowers ſhe cheriſh'd, ſnow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded ſpring,
To ſcatter o'er her hallo w'd mould ?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name forever dear,
Shall feel his heart with paſſion ſwell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I DID IT ; and would fate allow,
Should viſit ſtill, ſhould ſtill deplore—
But health and ſtrength have left me now,
And I alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, ſweet maid ; this ſimple ſtrain,
The laſt I offer at thy ſhrine ;
Thy grave muſt then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

++++++

The enſuing, copied from the Farmer's Cabinet, is a complete burleſque on the vulgar mode of epiſtolary writing.

This opportunity I take
To write to you to let you know
That I am well ; and, for your ſake,
I hope theſe lines will find you ſo.

Thro' God's kind care, prais'd be his name,
This precious bleſſing I enjoy ;
And may he ſtill vouchſafe the ſame
Till life's laſt hour, without alloy.

Your letter I receiv'd laſt night,
And read the ſame with pleaſure vaſt ;
It gave me ſuch profound delight,
As ſet my heart to beating faſt.

'Tis long ſince I have ſeen your face,
And abſence fills my heart with pain ;
Ah ! muſt I run thro' life's ſad race,
And ne'er ſet eyes on you again !

News is ſo ſcarce, I've none to tell,
Except, (which ſure muſt give you joy),
That all our friends are wond'rous well,
And aunt Jemima's got a boy.

I can at preſent write no more ;
So muſt conclude for want of breath ;
Remaining ſtill, as heretofore,
Your loving uncle's ſon till death.

EPITAPH ON CHARLEY KING.

For many years an eminent Chimney-Sweep.

FREE from Ambition, and no friend to ſtrife,
Yet ever *ſoaring* 'bove the walks of life :—
No flaming hero he, with death to joke,
Yet ever living 'midſt the *flames* and *ſmoke*.
In life the *loweſt*, yet forever *riſing*,
His thoughts *on high*, but never *moralizing* :—
He *Charles of England* was :—It is no ſatire :—
A *King* by name—a Democrat by nature.
He lov'd *New-England* well—no patr't ſtronger
None, none, on record ever lov'd it longer.
But *Charley's* gone—extinguiſh'd is his taper—
And uſeleſs lies his bruſh, his bag and ſcraper.

[*Boſton Cent.*

Hanover, N. H. JAN. 23, 1805.

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